loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in Cities mutinies, in Countries diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; finde out this villaine, *Edmund* it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully; and the noble and true hearted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt; ſtrange, ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfet of our owne behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the ſtars, as if we were villaines by neceſſity, fooles by heauenly compulſion, knaues, theeues, and treacherers by ſpirituall predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforc'ſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an admirable euaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of ſtars; my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, & my natiuity was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes I am rough & lecherous; Fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the Firmament twinckled on my baſtardy; *Edgar*,

Enter Edgar.

& out he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſigh like them of *Bedlam*; O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the childe and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient armies, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt King and Nobles, needleſſe diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of Cohorts, nuptiall breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you bin a ſectary Aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why the night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two hou

Baſt. Parted y
in him by word

Edg. None at a

Baſt. Bethin
him, and at my en
time hath qualifi
inſtant ſo rageth
it would ſcarſe al

Edg. Some vill

Baſt. That's m
arm'd, I am no h
wards you, I haue
ly, nothing like th

Edg. Shall I hear

Baſt. I do ſerue
A credulous Fath
Whoſe nature is
That he ſuſpects
My practiſes ride
Let me if not by b
All with me's mee

Ent

Gon. Did my F
foole?

Gent. Yes Mad

Gon. By day an
Euery houre he fl
That ſets vs all at
His knights grow
On euery trifle wh
I will not ſpeake
If you come ſlack
You ſhall do well,

Gent. Hee's comm

Gon. Put on wha
fellow-ſeruants, Ic